

EDITORIALS

Man Need Not Fear

"Fear not . . ." were the angel's first words to the shepherds on the night of Christ's birth.

Fear not . . . Man need not fear for his material security if only he first seeks spiritual security.

The founders of our nation followed the Christian doctrine. In the Constitution they sought those things which are priceless: freedoms for the individual, of speech, press, assembly, worship.

Material abundance followed for America.

At this Christmas season it would be well if we took stock of ourselves to see if we are searching first for spiritual security and priceless freedoms, or are we sacrificing these things for fear of not attaining material security?

Can you imagine what this nation would be like if we lost our spiritual security and with that, our individual freedoms? We'd certainly not have the material abundance we have today.

Every Day a Christmas

Christmas, essentially a religious observance, is recognized at this time of year by many inspiring services in the churches of our community. Festooned with lights and gay decorations, our churches will be thronged with worshippers congregating to praise by song and self-dedication the birthday of their Lord.

In a sense, Christmas is a season of forgetfulness and of renunciation, for a time at least, of the sordid traits in human nature. The light from the Christmas Star dims the avarice, the selfishness, the cruelty that cast their sorry shadows over a woe-filled world.

The evening air trembles happily with carols. The bells laugh with merriment and in that brief hour generosity and love bring their blessed glow into our hearts.

The sad thought is that this transformation of the soul too often is a transient effect that passes away when the holy season is spent. An everlasting crown would be placed upon the brow of mankind if the spirit of Christmas could be made to outlast the glittering tinsel and continue around the clock of the years.

The stars in the skies proclaim the birth of the Master; the voices of children sing joy into immortal spheres. Right now you are overflowing with love and generosity. Right now you forgive and ask forgiveness. Right now you are ready to offer the hand of sacrifice to others.

But how will you feel about it three months from now? What would happen if we made every day a Christmas?

Pay for Councilmen

When Torrance voters go to the polls next April to choose three new Councilmen, they probably will be asked to decide on a charter amendment which would permit payment of a fixed salary to members of the Council during their terms of office.

The question of paying Councilmen for their work, which is done without pay at the present time, has been raised by a number of responsible Torrance citizens, and the Chamber of Commerce Board of Directors has formally recommended that the matter be placed on the 1956 municipal ballot with the assurance that the Chamber will support passage of such a proposition.

The HERALD supports this view in the belief that the city demands and expects long hours of study and investigation by its Councilmen in addition to weekly meetings which last as long as five hours.

Torrance now is one of the few cities which does not pay its Councilmen. Only Redondo Beach, Ventura, and Monrovia do not pay Councilmen at the present time. Others have pay provisions which allow payments ranging from \$200 a month in Long Beach to \$10 a meeting in Burbank and Glendale. Most common payment is \$50, \$75, or \$100 dollars a month.

To attract able men who are required to give up much of their leisure time and possibly some of his time for work the citizens of Torrance should consider seriously the proposal to offer the Councilmen some compensation for their contributions to the city.

It is too much to ask of competent men to give up their private lives for a period of four years without an added compensation.

The HERALD urges voters of Torrance to support the proposal to change the City Charter to permit pay for Councilmen. It should be a worthwhile investment.

IT'S A FACT By JERRY CAHILL

CHAMPION WAR CORRESPONDENT!
HENRY V. NEVINSTON—
BORN IN NEW YORK CITY—
COVERED MORE WARS THAN
ANY OTHER MAN!
HE WAS ON HAND TO REPORT
16 MAJOR CONFLICTS IN 62 YEARS—
(1875 to 1941) IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
(From the book "The World's Most Famous Men")

NEXT ISSUE
FLEW OVER
SAN FRANCISCO
72 YEARS AGO!

THE NAVY'S NEW TORPEDO BOATS—
57 FEET LONG,
IN 60 SECONDS CAN REACH TOP SPEED
OVER 60 MILES PER HOUR—
FROM A DEAD STANDSTILL!

ROBBIE-FREDO FINES—
BUILT NORTH AND SOUTH
ACROSS THE ENTIRE CONTINENT
OF AUSTRALIA!

Is Yoga Trick



THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.)

A Food Crusade

Editor, Torrance HERALD:
Your paper recently carried a news release on the additional surplus food this administration is making available to the hungry overseas. CARE is grateful for this new and fruitful opportunity which has been given it to help distribute these products Secretary of Agriculture Benson is releasing. This increased distribution will make it possible for CARE, with the help of American donors, to feed hundreds of thousands of hungry children who otherwise might perish from malnutrition, tuberculosis and other diseases stemming from a sub-standard level of living. Much of this surplus food will be distributed by CARE to refugee families, escapees from Communism, displaced persons and others who are helpless to help themselves. The influx of these refugees in some areas has been so great that the economies of the host countries have been unable to cope with the situation. As a result, hunger, want, sickness and suffering are widespread. This is the greatest among the children. It is the Fraternal Order of Police.

Police Urga Safety

Editor, Torrance Herald
In order to help reduce traffic accidents during the year-end holidays in our community and across the nation, is conducting a highway safety drive. Last year 665 people were

Getting Ready for Christmas

Editor, Torrance HERALD:
We've lived in Torrance a long time and have enjoyed your paper. I notice now and then you run a "human interest" story and when I was handed the following by my 74-year-old mother—well I couldn't help think that if it was published, it would perhaps show other "oldsters" how to have a jest for life. You see what makes it more remarkable, is that Mrs. Holthaus has a heart condition that necessitates her resting a good deal—but once she is "up"—there is "MUCH TO DO"—and she is a VERY busy person.

While lying awake one night, she wrote the following and handed it to me to "get a laugh"—I thought it so good, I typed it off and so send it on to you as it is so timely.

MRS. EDWARD PIETZSCHKE

CHRISTMAS IN THE MAKING AT GRANDMA'S

A bit of string—a rag—a button,
That is all I have to work on.
I twist and braid and knot and turn
The things other folks would burn;
I finally turn it upside down—and see
Why I've made a Christmas tree;
And would you believe it, I sit and laugh
At the things I made in my hand-craft.

There are 22 ducks and 14 squirrels
To give to some little boys and girl,
Not counting the nuts I'm going to crack,
To help old Santa with his Christmas pack.
You'll be surprised, when you see
What will all be on the Christmas tree.
I've made clowns by the dozen and "Cecils" galore,
Don't have much room on my workshop floor.

There are boxes of cans painted and bright,
And Christmas stockings that are a delight.
There are cake plates and celery dishes;
Fish plates and honey pitchers;
And then, if it is not spicy enough,
There are salt and pepper shakers, that's the stuff
To put the pep where it should be,
All under the Christmas tree.

Florence Holthaus, December, 1955
1310 Manuel Ave.,
Torrance, Calif.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

This is the second day of Christmas, 1955.

But it was on Christmas Eve, 1818, in a little mountain village in Austria that the organ of St. Nicholas Church was broken. Organist Franz Gruber could not repair it in time for the midnight mass, for which he had planned a musical program. He told his story to Father Joseph Mohr, the young parish priest.

Father Mohr agreed to help the organist by writing the words to a simple melody if Gruber would compose one which could be sung to the accompaniment of a guitar which the organist also played.

Walking home that cold, clear night, the priest gazed into the sky seeking inspiration for his promised song. When he reached his quarters, he wrote down the words which he was to pass on to Franz Gruber in the morning.

The organist wrote the music for the words the priest had set down and the world was given an inspirational Christmas song.

It was "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, listened to the pealing of church bells one Christmas morning in the 1700s and was inspired to write down his reaction to the thrill of the chimes.

We still thrill to his song, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

In case I forgot to mention it:

- Merry Christmas
- Froehliche Weihnachten
- Hartlike Kerstgroeten
- Glaedelig Jul
- Hauskaa Juolua
- Felices Pascuas
- Joyeux Noel
- Bons Festas
- Bono Natale
- God Jul

Which is Merry Christmas in German, Dutch, Danish, Finnish, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Swedish.

In America we say "The first installment on your taxes is delinquent if you haven't paid by now."

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE, Herald Staff Writer

Are you going to have a baby?

If so, you can attend the Expectant Parent Class at the Torrance Health Center, or you can come to the Torrance HERALD. During the past year, the office has consoled and congratulated six nervous fathers, a beaming mother of twins and a proud grandmother. One hopeful father is still sweating it out.

Things are getting so bad that Publisher King Williams is thinking of setting up a maternity annex, complete with waiting room and ashtrays located every three feet.

From the looks of the "Stork Story" it looks as if the HERALD isn't the only place having expansion troubles. School officials complain that the story moves faster than their bulleters. Another disquieting factor to the educators is that every board agenda carries the names of three or four teachers who are going on maternity leave.

Everybody's doing it, but it's enough to scare a poor single guy like me. Having babies seems to be the thing to do and I feel like I'm not doing my share. From the looks of things, I sometimes wonder who suffers more—the expectant mother or father.

One important characteristic of the expectant father is that as the fateful day draws near, he jumps every time the telephone rings and makes a bee-line toward the noise. He sometimes talks to himself, and fragments of his one-

Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

The little girl watched her mother mark her ballot at the polls. "You voted for the man you love best, didn't you mommie?" asked the little girl. "And whatever made you say that?" asked her puzzled mother. "Because," replied the knowing youngster, "I saw you put a great big kiss on his name" . . . Kenneth Nichols, of the Akron Beacon Journal, saw a cafe sign which read: "Order one of our \$1,000 steaks. Your discount is \$999.9875. You pay only \$1.25."

The town fathers of San Florano, Italy condemned the town's 150-year-old oak tree. They were afraid it might fall on the town wall. They chopped down the great tree. It fell on the town wall . . . Mrs. Pauline Kronick Mells adds this note to the back of envelopes she mails. "For best results, open before reading."

Bob Goddard, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, tells the one about the Texan who was quietly observing Niagara Falls. Standing alongside the visitor, a townsman openly boasted: "You ain't got nothing like that in Texas now, have you?" "Nope," drawled the Texan, "but we've sure got a good plumber down Houston way who could stop that blamed leak in 10 minutes."

A youngster wore a brand new sweater to school. The teacher noticed it and remarked: "Leonard, did your mother knit that new sweater?" "All but the hole for my head," beamed the proud youngster. "That was there when she started." . . . Definition of a wedding: A ceremony where the groom starts kissing the bride, and the other fellows stop. . . Sign in a local drugstore: "Try our cough medicine. We guarantee you'll never get another."

Attorney Edwin Stegman tells about the fellow who filled up on Brew 102, got into his Ford 202, and was picked up on a 502 . . . Ted and Dorothy Friend, co-columnists for the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, tee me off with this item—you can't blame golfers in the City of Los Altos for hanging out at the corner of Niblick avenue and Putter way.

John W. Luter, another barrister friend of this scribe, learned a secret many years ago which he doesn't mind sharing with you folks. It never fails to make new friends and seal old friendships. Whenever he meets anyone, Mr. Luter invariably says: "I heard something good about you." . . . We know a husband who remains home every morning long enough to receive the mail. He destroys all department store and mail order literature pertaining to ladies' dresses, modern electrical appliances, hosiery bargains and milk closets. Pretty sneaky, we'd say.

Because he had been bad, a little boy was ordered by his dad to go out into the back yard and bring back a switch from a tree. After 15 minutes had passed, and the youngster had failed to return, the father yelled: "You'd better hurry and bring that switch in here." The lad returned in post haste, his lower lip quivering and his eyes filled with tears. "I couldn't reach the tree," he sobbed, "but here's a wock you can fow at me."

Al Harrison, of the Torbor

City Tribune, North Carolina, was watching the floats passing during the city's recent festival parade. One float represented the local savings bank and was adorned with the sign: "Why Daddy Saves." But Mr. Harrison opened it very well could have read: "Why Daddy Slaves." . . . The little girl was finding much difficult in dressing herself, difficult in dressing herself, ed, "you'll have to help me. The buttons are behind and I'm in front."

Kenneth Nichols, of the Akron Beacon Journal, tells the Christmas story about the department store that was compelled to hire an extra large staff of clerks for the unprecedented shopping rush. One of the new clerks spotted a likely prospect who was obviously looking around for a clerk. Rushing over to the prospect, the new clerk opened his mouth at the precise moment the "customer" opened his mouth and they both said simultaneously: "May I help you, please?"

Football story of the ages. Once upon a time there was a football player named Joe Bumpkin. He was so plain dumb, the professors had to struggle with their conscience to give him a passing mark. Finally, a professor of English lit flunked Bumpkin. The coach was frantic. He needed him for three more "crossover" games. The professor said: "Alright, alright, I'll pass him if he spells one word right. And wait a minute. I'll pass him if he even mentions ONE LETTER in the word." Came the big test. "Bumpkin" egged the coach, "if you get just one little letter right, you kin play for us." "The word was 'coffee.' So Bumpkin braced himself, concentrated hard, and spelled slowly: K. A. U. P. H. Y."

A psychiatrist: That's the last man you talk to before you start talking to yourself.

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Greetings

May this Holiday season be well remembered for the joy and happiness it brings to you, your family and friends.

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